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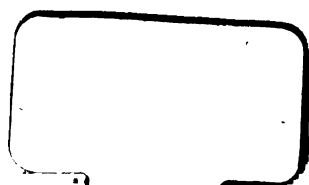
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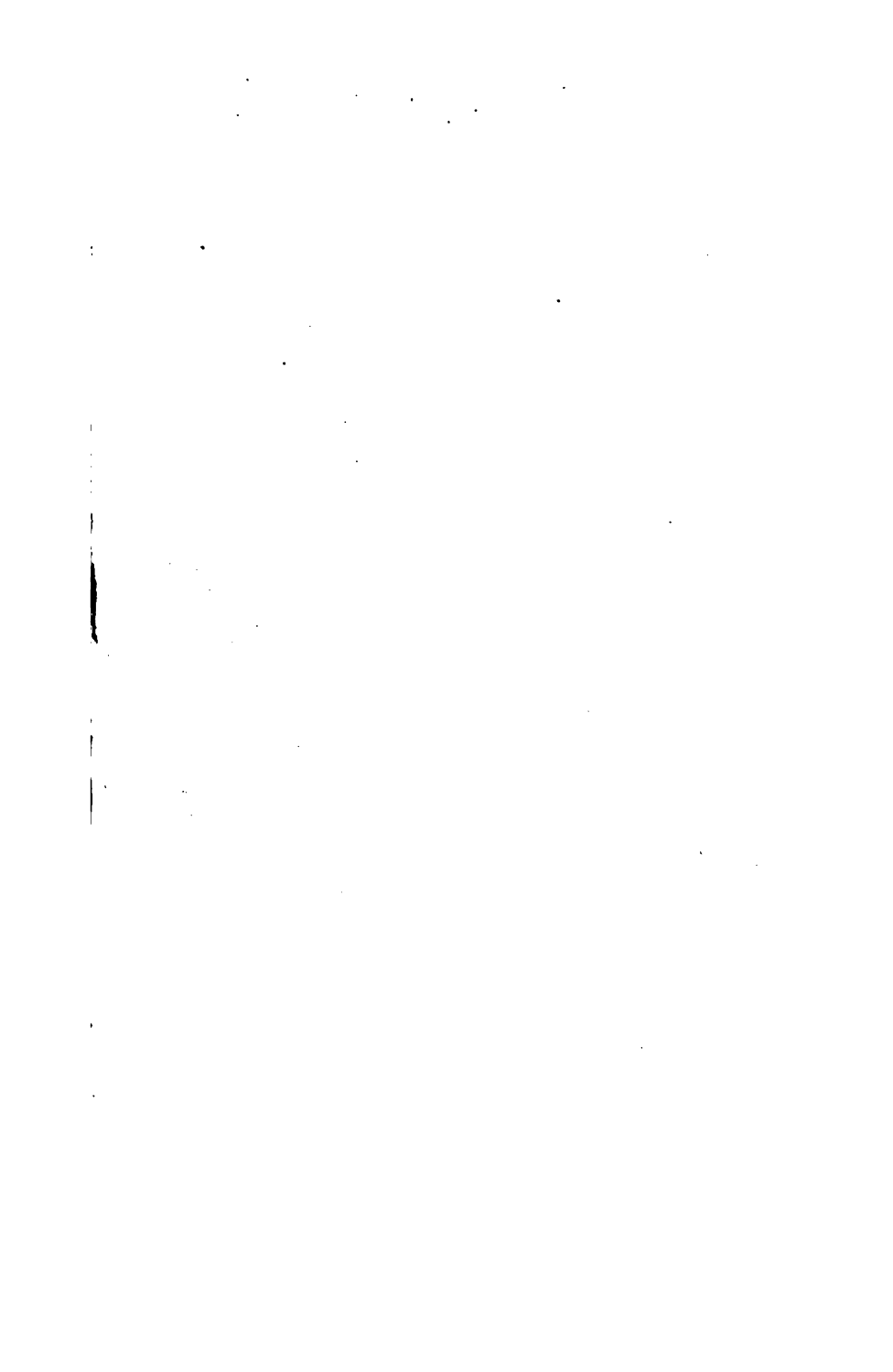
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ECHOES
OF
NATURE.

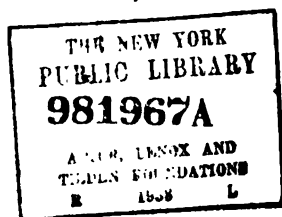
~~~~~  
I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
Were heard, sonorous cadences! whereby,  
To his belief, the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
*Even such a shell the Universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith.*

WORDSWORTH.

~~~~~

PHILADELPHIA:
E. C. & J. BIDDLE,
No. 6 South Fifth Street.
1845.

11580



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PRELUDE.

PRELUDE.

VERSE alone cannot inherit
Thought's ethereal land of Song ;
To interpret things of spirit,
To the spirit doth belong.

What though human imperfection
Oft the vestal thought may mar,
Yet its glorious resurrection
Shineth in the soul afar.

Highest, holiest hopes may falter,—
Trembling stars, reflected low ;
But no wind-struck wave can alter
Heaven's serene, unchanging glow.

He whom Truth, whom Nature leadeth,
Whom their harmonies endue,
Whatsoe'er the cause he pleadeth,
He is still a Poet true.

He remembers oft the vision
Seen in summer twilight hour,
When, in youthful dream Elysian,
Poesy reveals her power,—

Where the Aonian sisters waiting
With their harps, the dreamer seeth,
And for bards their garlands plaiting,—
Laurel, rose, and cypress wreath :

Soon, the youthful votary bending
Marks a kindred spirit there,
Who, with golden lute attending,
Meetly binds his flowing hair,

1 9 5 8

Saying, "Take the lyre I give thee,
 On thy brow this chaplet wear,
 Then shall death alone deprive thee
 Of this balm to earthly care ;

"And, ere these frail chords are riven,
 Ere thine earthly lays are flown,
 Seek a seraph's harp in Heaven,
 And an amaranthine crown !"

* * * * *

Thou, my wild Harp, on the willow
 Soon, a voiceless song, shalt rest—
 Dying, like a refluent billow
 Passing to the Ocean's breast :

Though unknown, with few to hear thee,
 Thou should'st lave the sands of Time,—
 If one lonely wanderer near thee,
 Listen to thy transient chime ;

If one human heart is lighter
For its sympathy with thee,
If one heavenly hope is brighter
In its Immortality ;

If but one neglected feature
Of creation's wide domain,
Whisper of the God of Nature
Through thine unpretending strain ;—

Then, Poesy,—enshrined for ever
In thine Echo-breathing shell—
Thou wilt own a faint endeavor
Of thy pearly caves to tell !

Kindred hearts, in silent numbers,
Shall thy harmonies relate,
Where the song unwritten slumbers ;—
These—the Harp shall vindicate !

ECHOES OF NATURE.

TRENTON FALLS.

TORRENT—wild and free !

My heart is bound to thee !

Twice only has the morning's ray
Begemmed with pearl thy front of spray,
And twice the evening twilight hour
Given to thy charms a deeper power,
Since first thou didst my spirit bless
With strange and raptured consciousness;—
Yet, matchless torrent, wild and free,
How soon my heart is wed to thee !

Oft, amid the city's din,
Did'st thou my roving fancy win,—
Oft I saw thy dark tide flash,
And o'er the cliff in thunders dash,
With Imagination's eye
Creating all thy majesty ;
Yet how little did I feel
Emotions thou dost here reveal !
Not alone to outward view,
But to the Mind thou com'st, with thoughts for
ever new !

Enchanting Nature !
Thou hast, in every voice and feature,
A power peculiar,—every tone
Of thysweet Orphean lyre, hath music all its own:
A melody Divine !
Rejoicing river—thou hast thine !

And whoso whiles a summer day
With thee, shall bear thy song away ;
A deeper song than words inherit—
The anthem of a tranquil spirit.

O ! how wildly leaps thy wave
To a momentary grave !
Then, mounting in spray,
It bounds away,
Tossing its mane
In proud disdain,
Like a courser free on the prairie plain !

Loveliness and Grandeur blending,
Sublime and Beautiful contending
With emulation never ending—
Is the song thy waves repeat ;
And gentlest ones, with wonted timid feet,
Delighted thy stern beauties greet,

That awe, yet so endear,
That o'er thy perilous abyss
They safely tread the wave-worn precipice,
In love that cannot fear.

Here the swallow dips her wing,
Here the wood-thrush loves to sing,
And solitary sand-snipes play
Where rocks are wet with the booming spray :
On thy hemlock's lofty crest
The crow securely hangs her nest—
And, at the dazzling noon, with eye serene,
In pride the Eagle wheels, above thy loved
ravine !

Even things inanimate
Seem to feel their happy fate ;
Wild flowers drink thy constant dew,—
Asters gay, and harebell blue—

While around, the hoary wood
Guards thy peaceful solitude,
Crowding the high cliff's dizzy verge
To look upon the depths below,
Where thy fearful rapids flow ;
Or to join the solemn dirge
Of thy ever-restless surge,
When gathering winds arouse
The music of its waving boughs.

Here the Mohawk chieftain stood,
Gazing on thy rushing flood—
A patriot true—and free as thou !
With eagle plumes around his brow—
While vigorous thought
To his dark eye brought
Traditions of misty eld ;
Of his sires, no more—
And then, with a smile, he in hope beheld

His brave tribe claim thy craggy shore,
So long as thy foaming falls should roar.
Ah! little did he deem,
Romantic stream—
The hopes of his heart
Should all depart,
As this sounding defile were in silence deep;
Its cataracts gone—
Its songsters flown—
Nor murmuring forest crowned its steep!

And sadness doth the bosom fill,
To trace this lonely dell,—
To think how the friendless Indian fell!
Alas! no more by vale or hill,
Or by his favorite ravine,
May his graceful form be seen.
Noble race! though none lament—
Nature is thy monument!

From mountain summit to the sea,
Gentle Nature weeps for thee !
The woodlands miss thy watchful tread,
And mourn when Autumn's leaves are shed ;
And Summer's wind that wantons by,
Loves o'er thy nameless tomb to sigh ;
And yester-eve, on this glancing tide
The ghosts of the Red-men seemed to glide,
And softly to say as they swiftly passed,
" We have found a peaceful land at last ;
Yet we often leave that world of bliss,
To revisit the scenes we loved in this !"

Farewell ! yet not to part—
For thou dost win the heart
With Nature's passion pure ;
And oft, amid the haunts of men,
Thy waterfalls and rocky glen

Shall gleam athwart my spirit's ken—
Shall still allure
With Memory's wand to trace where flows
Thy joyous stream—to hear once more
The tireless music of its roar,
Moving to thoughts impetuous, and lulling to
repose!

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

OF "holy light," the Bard of Paradise,
With touching plaint, sweet as night's warbling
bird,
Sung darkling; wisdom's favorite resource
And intellectual beauty's avenue,
Forever closed! yet still all melodies
Came with unwonted charm, and, deep within,
His spirit drank of that unfailing stream
External nature had for years inspired,
Of grandeur and sublimity—of grace
And loveliness, immortal in the mind.
But thou, in earliest infancy, ere yet
Thy spirit's silent corridors were hung

With Memory's penciling ; ere yet the forms
Of bright Imagination had become
Its drapery; ere thine attentive ear
Had listened to earth's thousand harmonies;
He who from darkness called primeval light,
And taught the morning stars their song of joy—
He, in mysterious Providence, with hand
Of matchless love, commanded Light no more
To visit thee, fair child, and the delicate air
Forbade to play upon thine ear's soft harp.
And yet, how happy thine imprisoned spirit!
For in its heaven-born freedom it may hold
Unveiled communion still with Him, of light
The Fountain pure,—of melody and joy.
For He hath shined in our hearts, to give
In secret there the knowledge of His glory ;
And doth immediate vouchsafe to thee
Songs in the night, angelic symphonies—

Visions of beauty in thine inmost soul.
And there thou seest the matchless symmetry
Of Mind's immortal fabric; thought with thought
In silence joined, as when Jerusalem
Noiseless beheld her sacred temple rise :
There, too, thou hear'st those tones of sympathy
And tender love, which bind thee close to hearts
Plighted to cheer thee on thy lonely way,
Sweet as Æolian lyre ! Hence cheerful smiles
Gleam like warm sunshine on thy playful lip,
And, like a dove, Peace thy fair brow o'er-
spreads !

AN ANGEL VISIT.

Written New-Year's Eve, on perusing a Tract with the
above title.

O not alone at midnight hour,
When the tired soul deep visions haunt—
Watchful from Heaven's crystal tower,
Descends the angel visitant :

And not alone the last, last time
The year unfurls night's raven wing,
May mortals list a voice sublime—
The past and future summoning.

Ah nó ! each thought our spirits moving
For higher, holier hopes to pant,
As hart for mountain stream,—is proving
To us, an angel visitant !

And every night, beside our pillow,
 Stands the recording angel near;—
At morning, like a murmuring billow,
 His sweet but solemn voice we hear!

And, while with pen so faithful tracing
 Each deed, and word, and secret thought,—
He still is oft those lines effacing,
 By Mercy and Repentance taught.

Our sins, though countless as the sand
 That robes the ocean's winding shore—
If mercy's wave o'erflow the strand,
 Heaven shall remember them no more!

TO AN EAGLE PASSING OVER THE
CITY.

Would thy bright plume were mine, proud bird !

And I were free as thou !

No more these jarring notes were heard

That pain me now—

But I would soar away with thee,

And fade in Heaven as joyously.

Thou seem'st to cast a spurning eye

On the busy mart below—

No beetling cliff or forest high

Invites thee now ;

But lofty spire and pillar'd dome

Possess thine ancient home !

But thou hast yet a home, can'st seek

Far in the illimitable blue,

The Alleghany's lonely peak ;

Or hovering view

The silent shores, where curling flow

The waves of wide Ontario !

Now, to my vision lost thou art !

Farewell ! yet I am still with thee !

Though pinioned to the crowded mart—

The thought is free,

And even a wandering Zephyr's play

Allures it on its wings away !

Compared with Thought, proud bird, e'en thou

Art prisoned in thy boundless blue :

Skies, forests, lakes, the mountain's brow,—

Throng to the view—

When some bright spirit comes like thee,

To tell the Mind its liberty !

ADDRESS OF THE QUEEN OF MAY.

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG FRIEND.

PRINCELY crowns oppress with care
The brows their glittering gems adorn—
These may blind ambition wear ;
Mine be flowers without a thorn !
O, if a blissful crown, beneath
The land where spirits blest inwreath
Their locks with amaranth and gold,
May be, that crown you here behold !
Beloved companions ! may such love
Reciprocal, my sceptre prove !

Yet ye crown not me alone—
But sweet Spring,—sweet, smiling May ;

For her we rear this fairy throne,
 The loyalty of love to pay.
 In violet and clear blue sky
 We meet her gently beaming eye—
 Her voice in brook and warbling bird,
 And in the whispering leaves, is heard,—
 Her breath is on the scented gale,
 Her footprints in the flowery vale !

What though storied rites of May—
 Feast, and song, and dance, have fled ;—
 And courtly pomp, with proud array,
 Leave her all ungarlanded !
 Though such outward forms sublime
 Feel the ruthless hand of Time,
 Yet Nature still with Time shall cope ;—
 The joyful Spring of youthful hope
 Shall ne'er decay, nor shall depart
 The May-day of the youthful heart !

Sisters ! let us then delight

In each varied vernal charm !

In Imagination's flight,

Vestal May shall keep from harm ;

And in thought's serener shade,

Modest Truth—celestial Maid,

Shall teach our grateful hearts to rise

To Him who formed this Paradise—

And who has formed one, fairer far,

Where Spring's unfading flowerets are ;

To win us to that world above,

His banner o'er us here, is Love !

THE PIPING FROG.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds," and without any intention of contrasting the ludicrous with the sublime, this little amphibious freak of Nature offers us his pleasing sounds and associations. But alas for the Frogs!—Since the time of the Boys in the Fable, sport to others has been death to them. They have been denied the place they merit in our Literature, and, "*Vita sine literis mors est!*"

THOUGH Leander's self might a lesson take
 From thy graceful plunge in the placid lake,
 And the pearl-diver plunder the pathless sea,
 Could he keep his patient breath like thee—
 Yet—denizen still of pond and bog,
 Thou must remain a friendless Frog!
 Thou—that cheer'st the lonely swamp
 Where the fire-fly lights his fitting lamp!

When the voice of Spring once more is heard,
The Poet praises the warbling bird—
The oriole's song hath its eulogy,
And the robin's call from the sunset tree,
And the pensive thoughts which the bosom thrill
At the first return of the whippoorwill—
But the piping Frog, whose note, so clear,
Tells that the tardy Spring is near,—
What though his music the south wind bear
Ere the earliest bird has winnowed the air,
To make the heart of the list'ner feel
That Hope doth again her charms reveal—
The vesper hymn from the dewy bog
No Bard can praise,—'tis a piping Frog!

O! couldst thou but prevail with Nature
To change thy name in her nomenclature!—
Yet still from contempt thou wouldst not escape
So long as thou wear'st so uncouth a shape!

Even thus 'tis oft with the race of man !—
A name, or a feature may mar the plan
Which Providence meant for a noble mind ;—
By hapless circumstance confined,
All unrevealed the treasure lies,—
So Man, with the Frogs, may sympathize !

VOICES OF THE SEASONS.

O BLITHE it is, when comes the Spring
 With skies so softly blue—
And wild flowers in her train doth bring,
And birds return on burnished wing,
Till fragrant dells and copses ring
 With joyful notes anew !

And sweet 'neath Summer's shady grove
 In listless mood to lie,
Or by the ocean shore to rove,
By river's fall or glassy cove—
A wreath of joy hath Summer wove
 For vale and mountain high !

The glories to the Autumn given—
 Arrayed so gorgeously,—
When Summer's verdant zone is riven,
And chilling frosts come down at even,
Robing the earth in hues of Heaven—
 O they are fair to see !

Yet not alone for bird or flower,
 The Seasons come and part,—
And not for mead, or forest bower,
Or waterfall's unfettered shower ;—
Ever their richest, purest dower
 Is to the human heart !

Their Voices echo in the soul,
 Deep calleth there to deep !
With sweet vicissitude they roll,
Refresh the mind, but not control—
The music which their changes knoll,
 Fair Hope and Memory keep !

And man a harmony may hear,
Even in Winter's train
Of howling winds, and woodlands drear—
And when his snowy robes appear,
Still can the mind the change endear
And welcome it again !

Bright seasons past are dearer now,
Like friends when far removed—
In Winter's dirge, so sad and low,
And on his front of wreathed snow—
Hope still beholds Spring's smiling brow,
In distance more beloved !

BARTRAM'S GARDEN.

SWEET spot ! how oft, with bird and bee
In Spring's and Summer's hour,
Have I loved again to visit thee—
But most, thine autumn bower.

Spring scatters here her blossoms frail,
And Summer her watery cloud,—
But meetly the leaves of Autumn pale
Thy grass-grown walks enshroud.

The oriole and the wood-thrush sweet
Have flown to a milder clime,
But the air's soft pulses still repeat
The cricket's ceaseless chime.

And adown this aisle of pines, so dim,
The light winds love to play,
And, like a low cathedral hymn,
Chant of the closing day.

I love the tall dark evergreen,—
But never more than here
Contrasting with the autumn scene—
The sunset of the year.

'Tis twilight now, and the heart may reap,
By thought's pure twilight given,—
Pearls that gleam in the shadowy deep—
And stars in the deep'ning Heaven.

O still the starry hour of thought
Cometh with Evening's skies,—
As when its dusky pinion brought
Hymnings in Paradise !

Where the happy pair, by their leafy tent,
 Lit by the rising moon,
 Lowly in adoration bent—
 With angels to commune.

And here the moon looks meekly through
 The garden's cypress shade,
 As if its conscious pity knew
 The change that sin hath made.

Proclaiming with its stainless beam,
 As doth the sacred page—
 That Sion's never-failing stream
 Makes glad its heritage.

That an Eden of immortal bloom
 Is still by angels trod,
 Beyond the precincts of the tomb—
 The Paradise of God!

A world where nothing can alloy
Its amaranthine bliss,—
They deeply drink its cloudless joy
Who thither pass from this.

Sweet garden wild ! no loneliness
The wanderer here may trace,
But all his sympathies will bless
The spirit of the place.

A being of ethereal mould
Glides these lone paths among—
And in the silent heart is told
Her melancholy song.

Like evening's shade her dusky hair,
Her eye like evening's star,
And her pensive lip and forehead fair,
Tell what her musings are.

How like a lost and priceless friend
 On whom my thoughts repose!—
 Ye blend!—as trembling dew-drops blend
 On morning's opening rose!

Imagination may rejoice
 With Nature, with her mourn—
 Repeating Truth's retiring voice,
 In Echo's soft return.

And when, in scenes like this, we feel
 Our sorrows all subdued,
 Why should the tranquil breast conceal
 Its song of gratitude!

Such spots are consecrated ground,
 Where hopes that cannot die,
 Like humble daisies deck the mound
 Of frail Humanity!

Nature ! when in Life's garden wild,
Thy chastening voice I hear,
O may I still—an erring child—
Listen with heart sincere !

WILD FLOWERS.

How beautiful in their simplicity
And native freedom ! In sequestered woods,
In the green valley by the playful brook,
On snow-clad summits of the eternal hills—
And by the margent of the solemn sea ;
On ocean's farthest isles, in deserts lone—
Wherever the wide earth is tenanted,
Man meets the smile of the endearing flowers !
And whoso listens to their song, may hear
Of meekness and humility,—of gratitude
That ceaseth only with their fragrant breath,—
Of holy trust in Providence, who sends
To the cold turf the vivifying ray,
And nightly decks them with refreshing dews.

O ! were the heart of thoughtless man attuned
To Nature's pure and constant minstrelsy,
Her gentle teachings would his steps allure,
And life's wayfaring be the road of wisdom !
Bereft of Paradise, man's clouded eye
Sees not the Paradise around him still ;
And therefore to attract his wandering thought
Even as a page inscribed—his transient home,
This visible universe,—is written o'er
With majesty and love, with beauty, power,
And goodness infinite ;—all that can appeal
To an immortal spirit ! Hence the flowers
Are not dependent on forgetful man,—
But nature's self protects their fragile forms,
And their fair hosts at her command come forth
Like thickly-clustering stars in night's domain ;—
That wheresoe'er the eye of man may rest,
On the vast sky, or pensive at his feet—
He reads the glorious prophecy of Nature.

Eloquent Teachers of celestial truth,
Meek Wild Flowers ! not like the prophet's scroll
Is yours,—written with lamentation—
But with immortal hopes, with beauty, love,—
And promises of never fading joy!

SONNET,

To a caged Robin, that, having been reared with some
Mocking-Birds, often copied their versatile music.

O! not thy borrowed song of other climes—
Though of the sunnier South, inspires the lay,
Or o'er one silent chord assumes its sway;
For me there are no scenes of other times
Inwoven with its melody; the sound
Meets no response within me that can tell
Of joys that sleep in Memory's grassy mound,
Or call those moments from her mystic cell;
But thine own native warble, as it fell

At morn or dewy eve on childhood's ear,
Ah! how it can revoke the last farewell

Of my departed being, and bring near
Emotions that those happy days beguiled,
Till in the reverie lost, I am once more a child!

S O N N E T,

To —, on beholding the Morning Star.

How yon fair planet lone doth peerless ride,
 Guarding Night's swift retreat ! dispensing joy
 To hoary-headed swain and shepherd boy—
 To every heart that drinks its tranquil tide :
 How sweetly from the brow of morn doth glide
 Its holy effluence ! like a seraph's wing,
 Proclaiming still that Heaven openeth wide
 Her golden gates, for prayer's pure offering,—
 As when it heard the host celestial sing
 Glad tidings o'er Judea's hills. Nor vain
 This type of Him, the Bright and Morning Star,
 For at its side another gleams afar !
 Thus thoughts of thee spring in the heart again,
 Joined to the spirit's morning star with golden
 chain !

TO A ROSE IN AUTUMN.

CHILD of the laughing Spring,

Why lingerest thou

'Neath Autumn's frosty wing

Rearing thy brow ?

O how thy perfumes tell,

Like a far-off vesper bell,

Many a sad and sweet farewell

To scenes that are not now !

Priceless is our Being's gift !

Blissful control,—

When softly Death the veil shall lift

From the prisoned soul,—

Must each golden chord inherit,

If here a simple flower may merit

Thanks from an Immortal Spirit

Moving to its goal !

L I N E S

Written on hearing of the decease of Caroline B——, of
Sandwich, N. H.

How like sweet echoes from the mountains far,
So softened by the sky's ethereal caves,
The tidings come that thou hast passed away,
Meek spirit, to thy rest ! No startling note
Of unexpected sorrow strikes the heart—
For well we knew that thou wast ripe for
Heaven.

Never did wild swan to her tranquil cove
More gently glide, than thou to thy repose !
No water-fowl, for happy flight prepared
To milder climes beyond the horizon blue,
Ever so lightly laved its downy breast
In that sweet island lake whose waters wear

"The Smile of the Great Spirit"—as didst thou,
Lamented one, when last the summer flowers
Were wet with dews, seem to repose on earth,
And earthly things!

Yet thou didst linger still,
As if in prophecy of that bright world
Whither thy spirit's seraph wings were stray-
ing—

Thence bearing oft from Sion's holy hill
To the low valley of humanity,
Fragrance, like that the welcome angel shed
From his sky-tinctured plumes in Paradise—
What time he visited the dwellers there
To hold discourse of Heaven! And to me,
When last by Winnipiseogee's beach,
And where Squam's fairy isles reflected lie,
I heard at eve the loon's wild clarion—
Though all too bleak that rugged northern clime,

When winter rules, for one so frail as thou,—
To me it seemed a most befitting place
For such a pilgrim's transient earthly home.

The mountain there, purple in morning's beam—
On whose unclouded peak the setting sun
Lingered with rosy ray—was as a type
To one, whose spirit loved to contemplate
Like thine—the hills of Immortality.

How peaceful was thy unobtrusive path !
Lovely as that the sacred page records,
When beautiful upon the mountains far
Were seen the feet of those who published peace,
Who of salvation told, and Zion's reign !

That one who long had known the truth sublime,—
That, as the mountains round Jerusalem,

The Lord encampeth round his children still ;
That one who faded like the mountain flower,—
Whose eye was pensive as the twilight star
Sinking beyond the hills—to me it seemed
Touchingly beautiful in God's deep Providence,
That such an one, though far from childhood's
 scenes,

Afar from kindred hearts who yearned to meet—
And far from friends who slumber in the grave,
Should close the tranquil summer of her life
In earth's sublimest, loveliest solitudes—
And die among the mountains !

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

HAPPY boyhood! mountain blue
In pensive Memory's frequent view,—
Ah! how I seem to breathe anew
 Thy balmy air,
To see thee barefoot brush the dew
 Without a care!

Or hast thou anxious thoughts that rest,
Like clouds, upon the Future's breast?
Like Spring, in showers and sunshine dressed,
 Is life to thee?
Even such, upon the Past impressed,
 Was life to me!

Course thou the winding river's brim,
And climb the forest's rustling limb ;
And should distrustful thoughts bedim
 Thine eye with tears,
Let Nature's sweet and solemn hymn
 Allay thy fears !

Still o'er the cool turf lightly bound !
And drink each rural sight and sound
That waits upon thy daily round
 Of toil and play—
Be careful only to be found
 In Wisdom's way !

Then breezy morn from slumber sweet
Shall wake thee, and the wood-bird greet
Thy cheerful shout—while, at thy feet,
 As if in joy,
The simplest flower shall smile to meet
 The barefoot boy !

And Manhood, if its lot be thine,
Shall ne'er for Boyhood's years repine,
But round thy brow a garland twine
Of Heavenly Truth—
While Hope proclaims, with voice divine,
Unfading Youth !

EPITHALAMIUM,

ADDRESSED TO A. C. B.

HARP of the heart, awake !
Let the morn thy slumbers break,—
The bridal morn of youthful love !
Return, sweet spirit, from above,
Or wheresoe'er on earth thy footsteps rove.
From mountain summits free—
From flowery vales where roams the bee—
From borders of the dark, blue sea,
And woodpaths wild,
At evening mild—
Where'er thou lov'st to stray,—
Come, gentle Poesy ;

Come to the human breast, thine inmost shrine,
And a fragrant garland twine,
To crown the nuptial day !

* * * * *

In thy volume, mystic Nature,
Every charm we see
Is but a reflected feature
Of Humanity !

The mountain gem's serenest blaze
From the secret rock is riven—
And stars for which we longest gaze
Are deepest in the heaven !

Thou, a mild, retiring star,
To contemplation hast become
The sacred light of home !
Won from far—
A planet mild—a constant ray—
Companion on Life's changeful way,

Whose friendship pure imparts
Joy to newly kindred hearts !
And kindred were our hearts ere now :
Oft, in boyhood's lonely hours,
Flowers did smile ; but then no brow
Was near to wreath with flowers !
Yet prophetic Hope did tell
Of future loves, till mead and dell
Could no longer lonely seem—
O ! may not we fondly deem,
E'en in boyhood's wayward mood
Thou didst cheer its solitude ?

Child of parents pass'd to Heaven !
Orphan girl ! a blessing given
To Friendship's nuptial union,
Where Love's endearing smile doth meet thee,
And a sister's sweet communion,
Where grateful brothers greet thee ;

And a daughter's tender tie—
Joy to a maternal eye !
Child of kindred pass'd to heaven !
Ties like these again are given—
To us a blessing dear,
Life's vicissitudes to cheer;
And to thee an earnest sweet,
That parted ones again shall meet,—
That hearts in Life's wayfaring plighted,
Shall on Heaven's blissful shore be re-united !

FRIENDSHIP'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! 'tis no dream from the dim land of
slumber,

That so softly and sad lifts its dark, raven
wing,—

Not alone the brief hours of the night shall it
number,

To vanish when morn her glad brightness
shall bring.

Ah no ! each return of the beams of the morning
Shall speak of our love, and this parting from
thee—

While thou, far away, hast an earlier dawning
On the bosom sublime of the surging blue sea !

And at evening, so sacred to hallowed affection,
How oft Contemplation her vigil shall keep,—
Shall recall from the past each endeared recollection,
And remember thee, loved one, and night on
the deep!

Yet not to repine, but in prayer to commend thee
To Him whom the winds and the billows obey,
That his Guardian Angel may ever attend thee,
To sustain and protect thee by night and by
day!

Thus belief shall compose each distrustful emotion,
And bid separation's keen sorrow to cease;—
As the dove brought the olive afar from the
ocean,
Faith shall bear on its wing the sweet promise
of peace.

Peace ! for bright Hope, like the bow in the
heaven,

With the iris of joy shall o'er-arch the dark
cloud,

When in health, thou again to thy kindred art
given,

And fear shall no longer our bosoms enshroud.

Peace ! for an ocean more vast and more lonely,

We are sailing to gain a blest haven above—

And, though dangers surround us, are safe if but
only

We abide 'neath His banner of infinite love !

Yes, there is a land where Hope's bright to-
morrow

Is not needed to lighten the grief of to-day ;

A clime where may enter nor sickness nor sorrow,

But Hope in fruition glides sweetly away !

O then let my lone heart this truth be repeating,

Beyond thee, brief Time, lies our permanent

bliss,—

And the loved and the parted that languish for

meeting,

In that bright world shall meet, though they

may not in this.

REMONSTRANCE OF THE OCEAN
MOSS.

O ! BEAR me not from the Ocean blue,
From the wave so wild and free !—
The flowers of the valley may drink the dew,
But mine be the joyous Sea !—

Wouldst thou a wreath of wild flowers blend
For the eye of the young and fair—
The smiling meadows their charms will lend,
And the woodlands,—O seek them there !

Me, from the wave where the sea-nymphs dwell,
If thy pitiless hand remove,
My shapeless form shall in sorrow tell
The loss of the home I love.

REMONSTRANCE OF THE OCEAN MOSS. 67

Shall tell thee in accents strong and clear

That Love survives for ever—

The ties that Nature doth endear,

No human hand may sever.

Then bear me not from the ocean blue,

From the wave, so wild and free—

The flowers of the valley may drink the dew,

But mine be the joyous sea !

N I A G A R A .

NIAGARA ! awakened were the minstrel's lyre
With all that Poesy did e'er inspire
To bards upon their loved Aonian mount,
By the clear Castalian fount,
Or flowery brooks of Sion's hallowed hill ;
In vain the melody would fill
Soft lute or pipe, or on the wild harp thrill,
If those who listen to the adventurous song
Do not unto that happy band belong
Who have been taught of Thee ;
For thou alone
Art, and shalt ever be thine own
Sublimest, and unwritten Poesy !

Vainly may the pencil trace
 Each lineament of matchless grace,
 Each aspect of sublime
 Or beautiful,—or ministers of Nature tell
 Thy charms in prose or rhyme,
 To minds who never knew the spell
 Of thine ethereal melodies!
 Yet how dear in Contemplation's cell,
 To Memory's sleepless eyes,
 Becomes the canvass of the thought
 Where thine own imagery is wrought
 With moving life,—how passing fair
 The colours thou hast painted there!
 How sweeter than the distant chime
 Of evening's village bell,—
 Or echoing of the hunter's horn,
 Startling the golden hills of morn,
 Thy voices, O Niagara!

Even thy name hath magic power,
To lend a rapture to the hour
Of loneliness or sadness,—
In bosoms where thy song of gladness
Hath made its home—and like a star
Hope still is heard repeating—
They who bear thy charms afar,
Shall know once more thy meeting!

Nor alone to outward sense
Is thy priceless recompense—
To eye and ear,—
Or sights and sounds to recollection dear :
Holy reverence and fear,
Soon lost in love, come to the inmost soul,
And Imagination's flight control ;
Subdued, in humble confidence brought near
To Him of whom these sounding waves rehearse

In Thunder of the Waters!—
 Prompting the spirit to ascend
 And its feeble accents blend
 With thy vast Diapason of the Universe!

Eternal Spirit! unto Thee,
 Clothed with honour and with majesty—
 And light ineffable,—on lowly wing
 Before this visible display
 Of Thine omnipotence, the heart would sing
 Its silent song of joy!
 In gratitude its orisons would raise,
 And join Earth's thousand voices in Thy praise,
 And soar away
 Where kindred themes Angelic harps employ,
 Before the infinite glory of Thy face!
 For Thou hast been our dwelling-place
 In all generations,—ere the mountains' birth,
 Or ever thou hadst formed the pendent earth,

Ere morning's stars sang o'er the new made
world,

Or ocean's azure brow its billows curled—
Ere Thou didst robe the rising sun in flame,
Or from Thy hollow hand these mighty Waters
came,

Ere Heaven's bright courts by Seraph feet
were trod,

Even from everlasting, Thou art God !

And as Thy bow of promise true,
Impressed on this eternal foam,
Each day, Thou dost Thy mercies numberless
renew

To thoughtless man ;—his transient home—

The earth, the ocean, the cerulean dome
Above them,—Thou hast all arrayed,
That everywhere his eye may view,
Thine infinite attributes displayed !

In every clime where man may tread,
 The cloud-capt mountain rears its head,
 The ocean breaks on every shore—
 Through every forest sweeps the tempest's roar,
 And where broad Night o'ershades the world,
 Her starry banner is unfurled !
 But none may share thy glorious throne,
 Niagara ! nor other land may own
 Thy ministry—'tis here alone
 Thou dost thy nameless power dispense,—
 Here, or in hearts that bear thee hence !
 An angel's wing, exploring earth and sea,
 Soon, vainly wandering, would return to thee !

Far in the horizon's misty verge
 Behold the bound of the booming surge,
 As it caught the chant of thy solemn dirge,
 Impatient, its voyage past,
 To gaze on thy beautiful brow at last :

Like racers they strive for the distant goal !
Who first to the perilous edge shall roll—
Who first thy majestic wave shall swell,
Sounding their own triumphant knell,—
Leaping to fathomless depths below,
Blending their sea-green hues as they go
All changing to white—
Like drifting flakes of a winter night !
Who first shall weave the sportive mist,
By the sun's bright ray, or the moonbeam kissed;
Painting for ages the bow of Peace
Where the maddening Waters never cease !
Far and near they dancing come !
Waving wild their plumes of foam,
Lifting high their gigantic crests,
Dashing the rocks with their snowy breasts,—
As they came from every ocean strand,
Pilgrims true from each distant land—

Niagara ! to thy shrine ;
 As Knights from the Douro to the Rhine,
 Moved a proud and gallant band,
 To the plains of Palestine !

Thus thy joyous Rapids meet,
 Uniting in one stupendous sheet,
 Fixing the mind on thy lofty brow
 Whence sublimest numbers flow.

Onward ! like the Sun,—
 Rejoicing still thy glorious race to run !
 As all the waves of Ocean's winding shore
 Since first the dawn of Time,
 Here met in one,—
 Adown the dread abyss to pour,
 Pealing their triumphant roar,
 In song incomprehensibly sublime
 Of man's Eternity !

'Tis for the Mind of Man
The Mountain points its heavenward peak,—
And rolls the illimitable Sea,—
And the bright Stars appear ;
For him alone eternal Rainbows span
This awful flood, to tell how weak
And frail is his humanity,—
And yet how infinitely far
Transcending mountain, sea or star,
Or even thee, Niagara !—
His Hope of Immortality !

SONG OF THE BRIDAL FLOWERS.

GLADLY we come
 From our happy home !
 Wilding flowers—
 We have left the mead and forest bowers,
 And the white sea foam
 For thee !

Affection calls us hither—
 Soon our charms shall wither,
 But breathe a fragrance still,—
 So Friendship pure
 Shall e'er endure,—

And sacred Truth,
O'er the cloudless brow of Youth
Shall twine her flowers,
And round the steps of Age infuse
Fragrance like the evening dews
'Mid autumn bowers!

THE LEAFLESS BOUGH.

I LOVE to look on a winter tree
 Waving its leafless bough—
And as late I chanced in reverie
 With pensive step and slow
To mark such a tree and branch, I thought
If my tuneless reed once more were taught
My touch to own,—a plaintive lay
Should cheer the bough in its winter day.

But my heart was sad and wintry too—

Its summer hopes were gone ;

And my lyre no inspiration knew

To revoke its long lost tone :

I needed more the sigh of the tree,

Than the leafless bough a song from me—

And Fancy heard from the topmost limb, .

In cadence low—this artless hymn :

“What though me most the rude winds rock,

Bared to the northern blast,—

While the sheltered shrub my fate may mock,

By the gale so gently passed !

Me first the sunbeams gild at morn,

And latest still at eve adorn,

And when the wood-bird comes in spring,

On me alights he first to sing !

“And thou lone one, whoe’er thou art,
Repine not that from shafts of woe
Indifference cannot shield thy heart ;
Nor sympathy forego ;
There’s no true bliss the breast can feel
That’s not inwove with other’s weal ;
Fear not the high and pure to dare—
For light and joy await thee there !

“ And when thou hear’st in Summer, soon,
The song of whispering trees,
That soft their trembling leaves attune,
Fanning the scented breeze—
Think not alone for breeze or shade
Our vernant coronal was made ;
In renovated beauty, see
A pledge of Immortality !”

Sweet Poesy ! thy holiest fane
Is not in cot or minstrel hall,—
Thy purest notes—no vocal strain
That harp and lute enthrall;
Thine is the music of the Soul—
'Tis there thy heavenly numbers roll ;—
The meditative mind must be
A silent lyre, till woke by thee !

V E R S E S

On the death of ———, whom many of her near relatives
had never seen.

OFT, when morning's grateful hour
Exhales the mountain's misty shroud,
From many a lone and distant flower
Bright gems are gathered to the cloud—
Whose perfumes offered on the air,
Ne'er mingled with each other there!

Behold that cloud in evening's sky!
Borne gently onward to the west,—
How sweetly parting sunbeams dye
That mountain mist in rosy rest!
And deep within that golden hue
Are those lone drops of morning's dew!

As flowers of morn exhale their bloom
Afar from kindred flowerets' birth,
So, gathered to an early tomb,
Are many kindred ones of earth!
Ere yet communion claims the tie,
Death wafts them to the Evening Sky!

We never saw thy sunny brow,
Or heard thy happy accents thrill;
Save as we often see thee now,
Save as we often hear thee still;
It is not parting then from thee
That Death hath set thy spirit free!

It bore thee kindly, as the curl
Of ocean's wave by moonlit isle
Wafts to the beach its bosom'd pearl—
Lest storms should mar that ocean's smile;
We love thee yet beyond that Wave,
For Love hath triumphed o'er the Grave!

STANZAS WRITTEN FOR ———.

By Caledonia's moonlit hall
 The harper felt the maiden's call
 Inspire his melody ;
 Still from the Past wild music floats,
 And free as mountain echo's notes—
 A ballad breathes for thee !—

Flowers come with the dimpled Spring—
 How they come and go ;
 And when a faded one takes wing,
 Another bud will blow !

Birds at morn their loves relate,
 Absence wounds each heart—
 But at eve forget their hapless fate,
 Met no more to part !

Brooklets from their mountain home
Bound on in glee,
Till their crystal feet a companion meet,
Then flow silently.

A star so fair shines all alone,
In the twilight sky—
But while we gaze, another one
Comes to the gazer's eye.

Ships meet at morn and part at night—
Lost the dusky sail,
Yet gleams it white in the dawning light,
And returns the seaman's hail.

There is on earth no loneliness,
Nor in the starry heaven—
That soon or late shall not confess
Its veil of sadness riven.

E'en in the secret human heart,
That solitary place—
Dwell friendship absence may not part,
And pure celestial grace !

Maiden, if thou find'st not there
Love's responses warm,
Song's romantic mountain air
Hath no power to charm !

But the peaceful eye will tell
Meditation's worth,—
On what within it loves to dwell
Softly bodied forth !

Then, maiden, list the plaintive trill
Of the hoary harper's lay,
As he sang of old he singeth still
By Scotia's castles gray.

Nor there alone,—undimmed by time,
Meek nature still retains
All forms and hues, so fair, sublime—
Moving careless strains.

And He who guides the wandering bird
In its unerring flight,
Imparts to us His sacred Word
To point our steps aright !

Let outward Nature's peaceful joys
Thy contemplation win :
And cheerful Faith's sustaining voice
Allure thy thoughts within !

Though oft in doubt and fear we stand,
O let us learn to wait !
To-morrow may with rosy hand
Unbar the golden gate !

THE FALL CRICKETS.

EACH year we seem to love their happy chorus
More than the last,—and in their peaceful song
More deeply beats the pulse of fleeting Time!
Telling in thoughts pathetic of the Past,
And robing in uncertain hues the Future.
Sweet hymnings! that beguile the lengthened
hours

Of cool autumnal evenings: ever dear
Art thou to tranquil thought, calm twilight hour,
In Night's intenser beauty deepening—
And ever sweet all melodies of nature!
The minstrel birds that welcome from the east
Day's rosy steps, and rivulets that lull
With laughing voice, where noontide bowers
imbrown;

And breezes through the tall and sombre pines
At sunset sighing o'er the grassy grave.
In its allotted time and place, each forms
A portion of that unity divine—
That harmony most intimate, which dwells
In nature;—which misguided man disturbs,
But never can destroy! For even here,
In the thronged city, revelations come
From the wide volume of the universe
To eye and ear, more frequent than return
Of morn or even:—yet the feverish stir
And tumult of the world, may far remove
And all obscure the page of artless nature,
Making her hallowed mountain like the cold
And sculptured pyramid, unread or read
From curiosity, not heartfelt love.
Me, nurtured in thy flowery lap, while yet
Too young to value thy maternal care,
And feeling now I loved thee not enough,

Spirit of melody, humanity and peace,
Which art the soul of all created things,—
Now far removed from all thy rural haunts,
• Meek Nature ! by whatever name invoked,
Me still thy gentle visitations soothe,
Still on thy breast my weary head I lay,
And like a child unweaned cling to thee !
And therefore do I love thee—for thyself,
And for sweet Memory's mysterious chain
That binds me to the dewy morn of life,
To Childhood's new existence. Then, as now,
I listened to the autumn cricket's song,
Lulling to dreamless sleep, or whispering,
Like a low-breathing angel by my bed,
Deep impulses of all Life's mystery—
The glorious gift of being, and the strife,
Learned at an early age, for happiness—
Found only in the bosom's secret peace !

O tuneful insect song !—bright stars appear,
And the broad galaxy with golden belt
Clasps the cerulean night,—how silently !
Stillness sublimer for this anthem low !
For He whose word framed all these countless
worlds

Will yet of man be mindful ; He provides
Even for ephemeral tribes beneath our feet,
Supplying all their wants,—inspiring them
With melody as lasting as their life.
Obvious type of that pure gratitude
Which should from man as ceaselessly ascend,
Making his transient life a song of praise !

THE BRIDEMAID'S SONG.

For this happy nuptial eve,
Love itself the song doth weave,—
Love Paternal, and a Mother's,
Sister's gentle love, and brother's—
Friendship's invocation pure :
While such sympathies endure,
Spirits thus commingling need
Nought of aid from vocal reed.
Orpheus' self could not reveal
What no breast can here conceal,—
Sounds may transient thoughts control,
Love's the music of the soul !

Kindliest wishes have a wing
Swifter than the minstrel's string,—
And thou read'st them whom we sing !
Seest them in each eye that meets thee,
Hear'st them in each tone that greets thee !
Feel'st them in each parting gift and token,
Affection's fulness thus in silence spoken !

We have with flowers inwreathed thy brow,
Brodered in thy sunny hair,
Well beseeming youthful one as thou,
Daphne, roses, myrtle rare ;
Emblems sadly, sweetly true,—
Ere their scented leaves shall wither,
Our farewell thou bearest thither,
Where thy plighted love inviting,
And each rural charm delighting,
Offer thee so fair retreat !
Varied Nature's chosen seat !

Ye of Flora's train
Await with freshest hues in your domain
This our sister, bride and friend ;
Oft shall she your fragrant haunts attend !
Ye of the garden and the vale,
Jessamine and lilies frail,
Hyacinth and primrose pale—
Ye with showers earliest wet,
Crocus, snowdrop, violet ;
Or that in the woodland twine,
Wilding rose and eglantine ;
Oft in still and starry night
With glistening dews your leaves adorn,
Decked to meet her wonted sight
Sparkling in the beams of morn !

Ye trees in Springtime light arrayed,
For Summer's heat imbower a deeper shade,—

Ye breezes, odours bear from bosky dell,
From mead and grove, from vale and heathy fell,
And murmuring streamlets of melodious chime,
Beguile with lulling fall the rosy-footed time!

Birds that blithest sing,
Welcome give your coming guest,—
Blue-bird, messenger of Spring,
Swallow swift on purple wing,
Robin of the rubric breast,
Oriole with hammock nest,
Mingle the mellifluous song ;
Wood-thrush sweet, so late to rest,
Like the nightingale prolong
Thine ethereal notes of love,
Echoing through the twilight grove ;
And, when all at last is still,
Wake thee ! lonely whippoorwill !

But fairer far celestial Hope, come thou !
Whose flowers are wet with Sion's mountain
dew,
Whose peaceful bowers by streams Elysian
grow,
Whose melodies from joyful seraphs flow,
And her to holiest aspirations woo,—
To her thy prospect fair unfold,
Thy crown of amaranth and gold,
And to her listening spirit bring
Anthems such as angels sing,
That while the heart to earthly joy is given,
Its purest bliss may be in thoughts of Heaven !

THE FALLING SNOW.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW!

So feathery light—

So spotless white—

Thou comest to throw

On all below

The mantle that does the heavens bedight!

White are the wings of angels there—

White are the robes the sainted wear—

Cloudless, stainless, all above—

Pure and spotless is their love;—

And white as snow is the ransomed soul,

Freed from Sin's defiled control.

Beautiful Snow !
To all below
Thou art a blessing given;—
For every thought
By thee that's brought
Something speaks of Heaven !

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TO A CITY COW.

'Tis sad to hear thee lowing plead
For running stream and flowery mead,
Where flocks roam free the pasture green,
Or rest them by the leafy screen
Of oak or elm,—and ruminant
In undisturbed and happy state :—
For thy own sake, thee I pity,
Pent in bustling, sultry city,—
Yet 'tis sadder far for me
Thus thy echoing low to hear—
Waking from their memory
Many hours to childhood dear—
When, as blithe as morning bird,
We drove afield the willing herd :

And at eventide, how sweet
Far by Cocheco's sunset woods
Again the tinkling bell to greet,
Heard in heathy solitudes ;
While, to charm our winding way,
The wood-thrush trilled her evening lay !
Now once more in reverie
All those tranquil scenes I see,
And in youth's exulting joy,
Brush the dew—a barefoot boy !
Not unwelcome, dappled cow—
Is thy morning—evening low :
Well I love each rural sound,
To hallowed recollection bound,—
And often for the fields repine
With plaint regarded less than thine !
Yet I would rather know thee free
By brooklet's marge, and rustling tree—
For that to thee were Liberty !

THE EARLY DEAD.

'Tis sweet by burial grounds to stray,
Near peaceful grassy graves to tread,—
When twilight closes on the day,
As rest has closed upon the dead.

There dwells a pathos deep, sublime—
That touches with attractive joy—
The spirit triumphs over Time
And seems to leave earth's base alloy.

How eloquent the patriarch's tomb !
Who, lingering life's allotted span,
Rejoicing met tired nature's doom,
In hallowed peace with God and man.

Blessed is the memory of the just !

Nor shall its freshness ever die—

Dust reclaims its kindred dust,

The soul its Immortality !

But with a deeper thrill we stand

Where drooping flowers their fragrance shed,

Meet emblems of that cherub band,

The loved, the lost—the early dead !

Thrice blest the memory of these !

' An angel seems to hover near,

To heal our wounded sympathies,

And dry affection's flowing tear.

The early dead ! on life's lone way

Full oft, temptation, sorrow nigh,

Remind us, if prepared as they,

How sweet it were, early to die.

And short may be our time to wait
To pass that shadowy valley's portal,
Then let us watch at Wisdom's gate,
Striving to gain the crown immortal !

If still detained with griefs and cares,
Hope ever breathes this glorious truth,
That the imprisoned spirit wears
The signet of Eternal Youth !

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE PASS THROUGH THE NOTCH, AND ASCENT OF
MOUNT WASHINGTON.

ONCE more among the mountains ! solitudes
Endeared, I welcome still your glorious band !
Crowned with eternal rocks, begirt with woods—
Majestic brotherhood ! here, hand in hand
Ye have for countless ages stood, and stand
Imperishable ; each cloud-cleaving pile
To man proclaiming of his native Land
On high, and as he threads this vast defile,
Illuming life's low vale with Hope's immortal
smile !

Inspiring volume ! which Omnipotence
In Goodness infinite doth here unroll—
Clothing the spirit with a humbling sense
Of its own nothingness ; prophetic scroll—
Revealed in silence to the listening soul !
Thy page immutable, Time may not mar !
Eternity is written there—sublime
The goal of life's wayfaring shines afar,
As o'er the mountain peak appears the twilight
star!

But ere the sun in radiance went down,
Gilding the rugged heights with parting beam,
Far up this peaceful vale the tempest's frown
Hung like the wing of Night ; forest and stream
Flashed fearful in the lightning's frequent gleam,
And the deep thunder echoed from the hills ;—
Now, all is tranquil as an infant's dream,—

Its laver clear the tuneful cascade fills,
And the lone thrush her glen with song ethereal
thrills !

And not unwelcome was that transient storm,
Veiling with clouds the mountain's awful brow,
As if its gloomy canopy did form
The wheels of thy swift chariot, O Thou !
Who dost with bounty infinite endow
The mind to meditate on Thee ; how sweet
To find a blessing 'neath Thy frown, as now,—
And in Thy glorious universe to meet
Echoes that can the heart's deep song repeat !

* * * * *

'Tis morning ! from the purple mountain line
Before the sun the silver mists ascend,—
The jay calls loudly from the waving pine—
All nature seems in welcome to attend

The arduous way whither we gladly wend :
With willing step secure, the noble steed
As he partook his rider's mood, doth lend
His grateful aid—and merits well the meed
Of verse, could verse of mine for him successful
plead !

What source hath the enthusiasm intense
Which, in an hour like this, can so inspire
The mind with foretaste of the recompense
That here awaits ascending high and higher
The mountain range ; prompted by this desire
More delicate female forms may now be seen
In the gay troop, in toil that shall not tire :
Thought hath its mountain summits !—all serene
In starry Contemplation's cloudless hyaline !

Thought hath its mountain summits ! and the
mind,
To its progressive heaven-born nature true,

Loves in creation's matchless forms to find
The types of what within ourselves we view;
Making discoveries for ever new
In Mind's ethereal, unexplored domain—
'Tis there the forest dim, the ocean blue,
The sounding cataract, the mountain chain
Abide, deep calling unto deep, and not in vain!

Since of earth's countless tribes 'tis Man alone
Can trace in nature evidence divine
Of the Omniscient Cause, and to the Throne
Incomprehensible, his soul incline—
Allured by perfect attributes that shine
In every thing around, beneath, above :—
Why so forgetful doth he all resign
His high prerogative, and cease to love
Scenes which to view might tempt an angel's
wing to rove!

If spiritual creatures visit earth unseen,
As Earth's inspired bards delight to sing—
How oft this pinnacle sublime hath been
A watch-tower for their joyous gathering :—
For now, as if upborne on seraph wing,
The loftiest summit gained, we silent gaze :—
Prospect immense ! that to the mind doth bring
Emotions, which to tell in vocal lays
Around a Poet's brow should wreath perennial
bays !

Far o'er the unbounded view, the eager eye
Contemplates mountains, forests, lakes outspread,
Where, in aerial hues, earth meets the sky,
And where the wandering streams each other
wed
In the tranquil valley,—and the soul doth tread
Free as the wind each glorious mountain height :
Wild sea of mountains ! thou the mandate dread

In chaos heard'st, beneath the dawning light—
And fixed stood'st, monument of eternal Might !

Motionless, noiseless Sea ! the Ocean's waves
Make solemn music on the shelly shore,—
But yet not there, nor by its sounding caves,
Nor where the cataract's deeper thunders roar,
Have melodies like thine been felt before !
Thou comest sweetly to the " delicate ear
Of thought ;" afar the enraptured mind doth soar,
And, in thy stillness, inwardly may hear
The chanting Cherubim, and song of rolling
sphere !

Celestial temples of the adoring Earth,
Yours too are earthly sounds ! ye are the home
Of the stern tempest : here in fearful mirth
Rally the winds, and leave, afar to roam.—

The thunder's citadel ! from the vast dome
The raven's cry and eagle's yell are flung ;
And when, as now, mild summer days are
come,

Far up the steep the partridge calls her young,
And happy sparrows chirp, the mossy rocks
among!

And on Imagination's tireless wing
Now roves the exulting and creative mind,
From its swift voyage rich returns to bring,—
No longer to the bodily sense confined :—
As with the viewless universal wind,
It wanders by the beach of distant lake,
And hears the plaintive loon ; or where the
hind

Does with the axe the gloomy forest wake—
Or where the crystal streams in foamy torrents
break !

From peaceful cots the curling smoke ascends,
In peaceful vales beyond each mountain line—
The matron there her busy wheel attends,—
The labourer, weary, doth his task resign
To share her wholesome meal : wild roses twine
Along the wood-paths, where the school-girl gay
Bounds homeward ;—happy lot, bright girl, is
thine !

And thine, too, barefoot boy, who lov'st to stray
Where squirrels leap and trouts in lucid brooklets
play !

A silver lake embraced by mountains wild
In yon horizon blue, how brightly gleams !
Cradled in mountains like a slumbering child :
Too tranquil for this noisy world it seems ;—
There if his spirit haunt, the Indian deems
Its smile is still the " Smile of the Great Spirit :"

Though now no more the noble patriot dreams
His brave tribe shall its hundred isles inherit :—
Ah ! little did the forest child fate so affecting
 merit !

There, by its margin, at this hour recline
Pilgrims of nature on a lofty hill—
To muse upon its imagery divine,
The fadeless Camera of mind to fill
With its unrivaled penciling, until
The heart is lost in love ; its sad farewell
Is felt with all of Friendship's parting thrill,
For wheresoe'er on earth the wanderer dwell,
He never shall forget that sweet lake's lovely
 spell.

Upon that fair hill's sheltered, sunny side,
Where o'er the waving grass the south wind
 blows,

A solitary widow doth reside ;
Her hospitable hut the traveler knows :
There fifty winters have the drifting snows
Blinded her path, and on her weary head,
Though quick her step, and bright her dark eye
glows,
Full thirty more the frosts of age have shed ;—
When a romantic girl she did a soldier wed.

But why repeat her oft-repeated story !—
In this vast landscape which the eye surveys,
Each village, forest, stream and mountain hoary,
Were theme prolific for the heart's deep lays,
Revealed where'er Imagination strays :
O'er nature and humanity she throws
A hallowed sympathy—before her gaze
All things become as windows, whence the woes,
The joys, the cares and hopes of life themselves
disclose.

Thus our diffused being seems to fill
This boundless panorama, and enhance
The power of Nature, her bright centre still—
A feeling of the Infinite—a glance
That may unlimited the mind elance
In omnipresent thought.—But here alone
Upon this rock reclined, shall thought entrance?
And have I climbed the mountain's heavenward
cone,
With no congenial friend to share the adventur-
ous throne?

Ah no ! in solitude we may recall
The loved and absent !—a companion dear
Is nigh, perchance in not unwilling thrall :
With her, each hue and tone to eye and ear
Is doubly sweet ;—a gentle heart sincere,
A spirit pensive, beaming from her face :—

Her name oft heard by naiad or woodnymph
near,

By forest shade or moonlit shore I trace—
That neither years nor waves shall from the
heart efface !

'Twere vain to expect sweet Nature to supply
The sacred sympathy of human Love :
The ever varied Earth, the vaulted Sky,
And the deep Sea, may win our hearts to rove ;
But wandering still like the o'erwearied dove,
No island there Love's olive branch shall lend,—
Save when, in peace, we lift our thoughts above,
Where vestal Friendship's aspirations tend ;
Who most delights in solitude, most needs a
friend !

With thee, for whom this solitary place
Were glad, though all its glorious charms were
gone—

With thee, whose spirit's sweet attractive grace
In wild flowers breathes, and in the wild bird's
tone,

It is not solitude to be alone ;
And if thy presence in the silent heart
Be all of Friendship I may deem my own,
Still, in retirement or the crowded mart
Of men, nor time nor change shall that pure
passion part !

How passing sweet is friendship all returned—
Like echo's heavenly notes from mountain high ;
And the lone flame that in the breast hath burned,
Kept pure, shall ne'er upon that altar die,
Though unrequited ; Immortality,
Primeval Love, doth unto thee belong !
Thou comest a guardian angel from the sky,
To guide us to that happy land of Song
Where Love's communion full pervades the
blissful throng !

THE SONG OF THE SEA-FLOWER.

MAIDEN by the sounding sea—
List the song I sing to thee !
Long upon the restless wave,
Where the tempests love to rave—
Sport of every breeze and storm,
Lay my tossed and fragile form ;
Till a gentle hand like thine
Bore me from the angry brine,
Here in silent hearts to raise
A tribute to my Maker's praise !

Maiden, by the moonlit sea,
Ocean's songs are known to thee ;—
Well thou lov'st the music sweet
Which the whisp'ring waves repeat,
Of His power who formed the strand,
And holds the waters in His hand.
May my artless numbers prove
The language of His boundless love !

Maiden, on Life's restless sea,
I would cheer and solace thee !
Thou art on the sea of Time—
Changeful, infinite, sublime ;
When sunbeams smile, or tempest rages,
Cling thou to the Rock of Ages—
Meekly bow in calm and storm,
And, at last, some angel form,
With spirits blest, shall gather thee,
Where there is "no more Sea !"

E P I T A P H

ON A RICE BUNTING.

HERE, in obscure and narrow chink,
In his song dress of buff and ink—
Like hapless bard, lies poor Bob'link,—

No more to sing !

How lately by Piscataqua,
He chanted wild his witching lay,
From dewy morn till close of day—

A joyous thing !

But some rude tyro caged him there,
And strawberries ripe and hedges fair
He left for city's sultry air—

Reversion sad !

Then his was injured Nature's part,
He felt in secret sorrow's dart,
And songless died of broken heart,—
For Nature bade !

O Nature ! though thy voice be heard
In all—and thy deep fountain stirred,
Even by fate of friendless bird
To mournful ditty,—
Yet thoughtless man so little heeds
The woe with which his *brother* bleeds,—
That he, far more than Bob'link, needs
A plaint of pity !

O D E

TO A FALLING LEAF.

PARTY-COLORED leaf!
Falling so lightly—
Thy being brief,
Closes how brightly !
On Summer's tree
Adorned by thee—
Thou, waving thy hand,
The soft air fanned—
Now thou art fallen forever !
Yet seem'st to sever
Thyself from the bough with meek endeavor
Ere thy fleeting time be past,
To teach thy sweetest lesson last !

On thee I look
As on an open book,
Reading full many a thought
By meditation brought—
The lapse of Time,
The hope sublime,
That lies beyond decay :
For our life is brief,
And we fade as a leaf—
Abiding our autumn day !—

Hope, fold thy snowy wing !
Disappointment, thee I sing !
Come, melancholy maid—
Thy pale brow braid
With Summer's withered flowers,
And falling leaves of autumn bowers,—
Like a beaded nun recount the hours

That never return—
But yet like lonely tapers burn,
Over the spirit's urn !
Come Disappointment—
Not in resentment—
Comest thou sweetly to me ;
Thy deep and tender eyes
I well have learned to love,
Nor shall thy plaintive voice surprise
My spirit reposing—
Its eyelids closing
On the visions bright
Thou reveal'st beyond earth's transient Night !

Then, Disappointment, come !
Oppress the weary brow with care,
Bind thy thorny chaplet there—
Yet, the white sea-foam,

Gone while we gaze—
And the lost pleiad's darkened blaze—
The sunset hues,
The morning dews,
And the cataract's painted bow—
And the waning moon so late and low—
And even this falling yellow leaf,
That, with the turf commingled, yet
Shall nurse the early violet ;
Random glances such as these
Shall yield their holy sympathies—
Shall tell how brief
Is every sublunary grief—
How joy from disappointment springs,
And like a lonely reaper sings—
Binding her golden sheaf!

TO A FAVORITE DOG,

ON HIS CHANGING A COUNTRY FOR A CITY LIFE

THE pheasant hid by piny boughs,
Thy cunning scent no more may rouse—
No more may Rollin's distant fell
Give back thy long, impatient yell,—
Till gloomy wood, and mountain dun
Re-echoed with the sportsman's gun!
Ah! Hunter, little didst thou deem
It e'er would be thy lot to part
With wood and copse, with pond and stream,
With all thy haunts, for crowded mart;
Where's not an object for thy chase,
And not a nook for forest race!

Companion erst in field and wood
And by the blazing "ingleside"—
When all resigned to musing mood,
How swift will Fancy's pennon glide
O'er all the past, and every scene
Where Happiness with us hath been,
Revisit; and oft-times I deem
Thou, too, art lost in memory's dream,—
Reverting to thy rural days,
Thy hunting sports and all thy plays—
Roving as reverie inclines,
From Waldron's swamp to Kimball's pines,
Starting once more from mossy lair,
At sunny noon, the sleeping hare!

L I N E S

TO A CANARY BIRD IN WINTER.

THY golden wing, stretched far and free,
Ne'er winnowed soft the balmy air,—
Thou hast not seen far o'er the sea,
The charms thine own green islands wear;
A prisoned exile still to be—
What is thy yellow wing to thee !
And yet, thy song is blithe and clear,
And never breathes a note of sorrow ;
Thou hast "no winter in thy year"—
And Spring comes ever with the morrow.
And from thy lays the heart may borrow
A holy truth—for are not we,
On this dim earth, immured like thee ?

Of Love an Ocean ever smiles
Between us and our native Isles—
Whence oft, like sea-bird's snowy wings,
Come kindred spirits' beckonings!—
And, Winter, we, too, welcome thee,
Nor dread thy near advance—
Told by the wail of the leafless tree
And the northern meteor's dance;
Friendship and love and social glee
Shall bid thy glooms depart;—
O Winter, we can welcome thee,
Thou Summer of the Heart!

R E S T.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

To the people of God, there remaineth a rest—
In the mansions of bliss, the abode of the blest,
The weary the Saviour still calleth to come
And partake of the joys of that heavenly home.

There, soldier of Christ, shall thy warfare be
o'er—

Thy helmet and shield shall be needed no
more ;

No more sorrow's starless night close on the
day,

Or morning distress thee with doubt and dismay.

Faith, Patience and Hope—that attend thee on
earth,

Shall not enter with thee to the land of their
birth ;

Angels, sent to disarm its temptations and fears,
They must minister still in this valley of tears.

But Love shall not leave thee at Heaven's pearl
gate—

Love to listening seraphs thy song shall relate ;
There, dove-like, shall Peace overshadow the
skies,

And God, himself, wipe every tear from thine
eyes.

There sickness or darkness or death cannot dwell,
To all these thou shalt bid a triumphant farewell ;
There Jehovah thy light everlasting shall be,
And thy God a glory unfading to thee !

Then faint not, lone pilgrim, afar from thy home;
Like the lovely disciple to Jesus still come,
And in foretaste of Heaven, repose on his breast;
For in Him, even here—there remaineth a rest.

BRIDAL ODE.

HARP, upon the willow laid !
Or beneath the cypress shade—
Neglected, sad, and silent long ;
With the Æolian breath of song,
Once more I touch thy chords—
Moving thy melody to words
That fain would tell
Of the sacred well
In the spirit's deep recess—
Where prayer invokes, and wishes bless,
And gentlest thoughts of Love caress

•

Those kindred hearts that with our own are
 plighted,
By bounteous Providence united
With more than earthly parent's tenderness.
As stars that group in the tranquil sky,
Light reciprocal supply—
As flowers upon their dewy bed,
Fragrance round each other shed,—
So sweet affection's ties are given
To cheer our path from earth to Heaven !
Within this zone of Sympathy—
Mary, we have welcomed thee !
A gift of Love, now doubly dear !
A ray of joy to dry keen sorrow's tear—
A star to shine where erst a star was given,
That passed away, how soon ! into its native
 Heaven !

S T A N Z A S

Addressed to a young friend who "wished she could write
Poetry."

WHAT careless wish thy breast has stirred !
Thou hast thy song, and it is heard
Like the light carol of a bird.

Each voice of earth,—each star in heaven,
Sings ever new to morn and even
The anthem by its Maker given.

The rippling River, gliding free,
Like Thought's transparent tide to thee,
Is all its own sweet poesy.

The Woodlands chant their voices low,
When Spring's and Summer's south winds blow,
And when their boughs are bent with snow.

The Mountain's solitary height,
At morn and noon,—at eve, at night,
Rejoices in its lonely might !

The Ocean loves his countless band
Of waves, that whisper on the strand—
Or, like a war-horse, tramp the sand !

The blue Lake wears a fadeless wreath
Of all that in the skies it seeth—
Yet loveth most the skies beneath.

So should a tranquil human heart,
'Mid all the outward charms of art,
Forget not nature's better part :

For Nature is herself a song
Of deeper power than doth belong
To bard to praise, or do her wrong !

O deem not, then, that thou hast need
To sound Arcadia's tuneful reed—
Thou sweeter melodies mayst heed !

Song's crystal stream oft glides unseen,
Betrayed by simple grasses green,
And flowers that fill their cups between.

Then inwardly incline thine ear,
Where springs the fount of Song sincere,
In symphonies that angels hear.

For thee, if ever Love Divine
Should sorrow's cypress chaplet twine,
Then may the vocal lute be thine.

A seraph's hand in sympathy
Shall lend its golden harp to thee—
And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

COME TO THE HOME OF MY BOY-
HOOD.

O COME to the home of my boyhood, afar—
By the orient hills, where the ushering star
Like a gem lingers long on the brow of the morn,
And the loon, o'er the lake, sounds her echoing
horn.

We will roam where ascends the wild mist of the
mountain,
Where the forest is lulled by the voice of the
fountain,
Where the dew fills the violet's cup in the vale,—
And from hedges the sweet-briar breathes on the
gale.

And then by the tall mossy rock we'll recline,
And hear the wind sweep through the dark
 waving pine,
Till it sounds like the sea, and we wander once
 more
Where the gull dips her wing by the surf-beaten
 shore.

O come to the haunts of my boyhood with me!
The scenes that are fair, will be fairer with thee—
The song of the thrush is o'erflowing the glen,
And the black-bird is whistling as sweetly as
 then!

THE END.

97.





